

TERMS—\$2 PER ANNUM—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

[NEW SERIES.---VOL. VIII. NO. 7.]

God,











## Poetry.

## THE PAST.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

My thoughts are of the Past. I live again  
Through all the scenes of Youth's impassioned hours:  
I only know how happy I have been,  
And breathe an air that comes o'er fields of flowers.  
The Present doth not once intrude, to blast  
My joyous revels with its baleful breath,  
And o'er the Future some kind Power hath cast  
A veil like that which shrouds the realms of Death.  
The friends I loved are round me, and I hear  
Familiar voices sounding in my ear:  
Again we roam through forest, field, and glen,  
And talk of themes that filled our musings then.  
The kiss of love is on my cheek—I feel  
Through all my veins its burning influence steal.  
I dream again the same half-waking dream  
That lulled me in the weary hours of night,  
And every pulse with some fond memory tremors  
Of heaven-born hope, that could not bear the light.  
The Past! In its limitless sea  
The wrecks of all my arguings are strewn;  
And close beside me, plainly, now I see  
The friend that laughs at all my hopes o'erthrown!

There is a time of freshness, when the heart  
Breaks from the bondage of its youthful fear,  
And, tramping on its fetters, takes a part  
In those wild wars that claim its service here:  
When, like an eagle bursting from its shell,  
It seeks a doom no prescience can foretell.  
There is an hour, when passions strong and deep  
Wake from the torpor of their dark domain,  
And rushing wildly from their dark domain,  
Bid Peacefarewell, and know her not again.  
That time—when with me half passed,  
And years have swept me with their withering blast,  
Yes, I have known the pang that rends the heart,  
When the short summer of its joy is o'er—  
When one by one it feels its hopes depart,  
And drives a wreck upon a barren shore.  
I am not what I was! Care doth destroy  
The gladness of the heart, the joyous glow,  
Passion doth trace upon his forehead brow  
Deep furrows, and his head is taught to bow  
Beneath accumulating weights, that press  
The life-blood from his soul. The sweet career  
Is mine no longer as in other days:  
No fairy arms are twined for me, no gaze  
Of guileless love rests on me, unobscured  
By those hot passions that on bliss intrude;  
No more for me doth Beauty render her crest,  
Or fond Affection needs in my breast.  
Miserable made me from my very birth  
The helpless target for her poisoned spears:  
I never yet have known an hour of mirth  
That was not followed by an hour of tears.  
I am not what I seem! There is a light  
Within my eye which never was so gay;  
And yet my soul, in moonless, starless night,  
Is wasting like a wave-washed rock away!

Oh happy hour! When from each traitorous woo  
My soul, exulting, shall escape its chains,  
And fly to regions where it never shall know  
Its earthly passions or its earthly pains.  
In that bright world my soul shall rest that bliss  
It ever sought, but never found in this.

## Miscellaneous.

For the Christian Secretary.

## "Full of names of Blasphemy."

In reply to the anxious forebodings of those who cannot repress their alarm at the rapid increase of popery among us, it is often urged that such is the march of knowledge in this advanced age of the world, and such more especially is the degree of light scattered throughout our beloved country, that even if the mother of abominations does take up her abode among us, she must to a great extent leave her hopeful progeny behind, and become here a decent sort of woman, despite her rather unpromising former character.

Well, I thought I should like to know how this was, so I happened to see a Romish book, entitled "Key to Heaven," published in New York, in 1843, and as this is used by the popish servants in our puritanical New England families, it struck me here would be a fair specimen of the improved devotions of the scarlet lady. So having cast my eye on these pure pages, I concluded to transcribe a few edifying extracts as follows:—

"The first is taken from the 14th page, and addressed to Mary.  
"Hail! Holy Queen, mother of mercy, our Life, and our Hope, to thee do we cry poor banished sons of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears, turn then, most gracious advocate, thy eyes of mercy towards us, and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O most clement, most pious and most sweet Virgin Mary.

"V. Pray for us, O Holy mother of God."  
Here is a woman born of a sinful race, and redeemed by sovereign grace alone, prayed to, as our "most gracious Advocate," and called "our Life and our Hope!"

Again, from the 30th page.  
"The Litany of our B. Lady of Loretto, so called from its being usually sung in the churches of Loretto on all Saturdays, and festivals of the blessed Virgin Mary.

ANTHEM.  
We fly to thy patronage, O sacred mother of God! despise not our prayers in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O glorious and ever blessed Virgin.

Mother of divine grace, O Gate of heaven,  
Mother of our Creator, Morning star,  
Mirror of justice, Refuge of sinners,  
Seat of Wisdom, Queen of angels,  
Cause of our joy, Queen of all saints,  
Ark of the Covenant, &c. &c. &c.

The blasphemy of the above catalogue, is too inconceivably black for further comment, but merely to say, I have given but a small part of the titles.

Here is from the 33d page.

"To the B. Virgin Mary.

O glorious Virgin Mary, I commit my soul and body to thy blessed trust this night and forever, but more especially at the hour of my death. I recommend to thy merciful charity all my hopes, my consolation, my distress and misery; my life and the end thereof; that through thy most holy intercession, all my works may be directed according to the will of thy blessed son, Amen."

"The thirty days prayer to the B. Virgin Mary, in honor of the Sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the devout recital of which, for the above space of time, we may mercifully hope to obtain our lawful request. It is particularly recommended as a proper devotion for every day in Lent, and all the Fridays throughout the year. Ever glorious and blessed Mary, Queen of Vir-

gins, Mother of Mercy, hope and comfort of dejected and desolate souls, &c. &c. I intended to transcribe this entire prayer, but find it altogether too long, and accordingly pass on to some shorter. Here is from page 332.

## "The Prayer."

O most prudent Virgin, who entering into the heavenly palace didst fill the holy angels with joy, and man with hope, vouchsafe to intercede for us in the hour of our death, that being free from the illusions and temptations of the devil, we may joyfully and securely pass out of this temporal state to enjoy the happiness of eternal life. Amen.

## The Meditation.

Let us contemplate in this mystery, how the glorious Virgin Mary was, with great jubilee and exultation of the whole court of heaven, and particular glory of all the Saints, crowned by her son with the brightest diadem of glory.

## The Prayer.

O glorious Queen of all the heavenly citizens, we beseech thee, accept this rosary which (as a crown of roses) we offer at thy feet; and grant, most gracious Lady, that by thy intercession, our souls may be inflamed with so ardent a desire of seeing thee so gloriously crowned that it may never die in us, until it shall be changed into the happy fruition of thy blessed sight. Amen.

Hail, Holy Queen, &c. With the verse and prayer as before."

Now is any language of comment necessary on the above? No, not a word. It will be observed that I have taken from this precious book but one of its abominations, viz: worship of the Virgin Mary, and I have transcribed but a very small portion of that.

From the Christian Citizen.

## The Life of a Thought.

God has provided for the preservation and perpetuation of matter, by a law that upholds the material universe. Through all the combinations which it has passed from creation down, not an atom has been wasted, annihilated or lost. As no particle falls upon the earth without transmitting a sensation through the whole globe, so no thought, no new sentiment of the heart, even of the child, can be breathed upon the spirit-atmosphere of the universe, without vibrating through all the moral world forever, and living through endless ages with new faculties of immortality. Put once in circulation, it goes on generating thoughts and actions among all the generations of time and the existence and existents of eternity. The atom of matter can neither diminish nor increase. Through its endless circulation, it remains the same; it may combine with other atoms almost to infinity, but it cannot create one. But the cumulative capacity of a single thought, in its self-generating attributes, can fill a world with thinking and doing, with knowledge and happiness, or ignorance and misery. And what creative creations emanate hourly from the human mind! Twice to the heart's once, it breathes some new element into that moral atmosphere in which all the moral beings of the universe must live and breathe forever. How mysterious are the birth and life of a thought! The sight of a human voice, a bird-note from the woods, the hum of an insect, the wild flower by the way-side, the streamlet whispering to the daisies in the meadow, the falling leaf—the most trivial incident to the senses may stir a thought into being and action, which shall expand into long trains of reflection, and thence into life and character, that shall be indurated for immortality.

A single thought of the imprisoned Paul, as he lifted up his shackled hands to God in prayer and praise at the midnight hour; an emotion of his heart, as he lay upon the dungeon floor with his feet fast in the stocks, was afterwards breathed into his epistles, and has already lived and begotten life in the minds of millions. Its thought-begotten immortality will be felt all along down the lines of time. It will run on begetting thought through all the cycles of eternity. It will mingle with the alleluia of the redeemed in heaven. It will be present in the minds of unborn angels as they reach upward, in the track of senior seraphs, toward Infinite Perfection.

The unuttered thought of one female, six thousand years ago, as she discussed a question of pleasure and duty between conscience and desire, in the garden of Eden, will be felt in all worlds. It will run on vibrating through all the regions of the moral universe. It will affect the destiny of worlds of moral beings. It will beget thoughts of unutterable bliss in heaven, sentiments of unutterable woe in the world of darkness. Its consequences will fill the universe. The Patriarch from the black crested billows of the deluge saw, through the window of the ark, the ruin of which that thought, that unchecked inception of desire, was fraught to the human race. The Son of God saw from his Father's throne, and from "the accursed tree" on Calvary, the ruinous issues of that woman's dalliance with a rebellious wish. When conceived in the mind of Eve, it affected the character of every thought, and word, and action, which has been conceived, and said, and done from that time to this. It will affect the character of every thought, word and action of all the inhabitants of this earth, through all the remaining ages of time and the coming ages of eternity. Thoughts! it is a fearful thing to think.

## Preparation for Another World.

"Were any other event," says Rev. Robert Hall, "ascertained by evidence which made but a distant approach to that which attests the certainty of a life to come; had we equal assurance that, after a very limited, though uncertain period, we should be called to emigrate into a distant land, whence we were never to return, the intelligence would fill every breast with solicitude; it would become the theme of every tongue, and we should avail ourselves with the utmost eagerness of all the means of information respecting the prospects which awaited us in the unknown country. Much of our attention would be occupied in preparing for our departure; we should cease to consider the place we now inhabit as our home, and nothing would be considered by us as of moment, but as it bore upon our future destination.

"How strange it is, then, that with the certainty we all possess, of shortly entering into another world, we avert our eyes as much as possible from the prospect, that we seldom permit it to penetrate us, and that the moment after the re-

collection recurs, we hasten to dismiss it as an unwelcome intrusion. Is it not surprising that the volume we profess to recognize as the record of immortality, and the sole depositary of whatever information it is possible to obtain respecting the portion which awaits us, should be consigned to neglect, and rarely, if ever, consulted with the serious intention of ascertaining our future condition?"

K. W.

## Experience Missing.

A gentleman, who was a member of a church in one of our Atlantic cities, removed to a new settlement in the interior, where he had few religious privileges, and where he was not so careful as he should have been to maintain a religious life. An itinerant minister, travelling in that region, called one evening at his house and sought a lodging for the night. He was cordially welcomed, especially when it was ascertained that he came from "down country," and could tell the family much respecting their former acquaintances. After answering many inquiries of a secular character, the minister made known the object of his mission, and entered upon personal conversation with the members of the household touching their spiritual condition and prospects. Having learned that the master of the house was a professor of religion, and a member of a church in—, it was proposed that he should relate his experience. To this the gentleman assented, and, rising from the chair, he went to a corner of the unceiled apartment, and commenced searching in a morice of one of the upper timbers. Not finding what he wanted, he turned toward the fire-place, and said, "Wife, do you know what has become of my experience? I put it in here when the house was built, but it is missing." "I suppose, then," replied the honest wife, "that I have burned it. I was cleaning the house last spring, and found there some bits of paper of which the mice had made a nest. They had nearly eaten it up, and I threw the whole into the fire." Consequently, the desired experience could not be given, for the mice had eaten it up.

REFLECTIONS.—1. It is better to have the record of one's experience in the mind, than upon paper.

2. If it must be committed to paper, then it should be deposited where the mice cannot reach it.

3. A man who is thus careless of his experience, surely does not value it much.

4. Wives should be very careful not to burn up their husbands' experiences, in whatever state they may find them.

5. Are there not many, in both town and country, whose experiences are destroyed, if not by mice, yet by some other vermin?—Watchman.

## Fiery Flying Serpent.

In the early part of 1833, a native chief of Limbo Manis, in the vicinity of Padang, named Tam Basar, in company with another person, mentioned to Mrs. F. A. Vandenberg and myself that they had just before seen a serpent flying, and as it was considered dangerous, had killed it. We smiled at them as romancing, but they affirmed positively that they had seen it, and offered to take us to it. We accordingly went and examined, and finding no appendage of the nature of wings, we again laughed at them as attempting to impose on our credulity. They still continued positive that they had seen it fly, and explained the mode of flying by saying it had power to render the under part of the belly concave, instead of convex, as far as the ribs extended, whence it derived its support in the air, whilst its propulsion was produced by a motion of the body, similar to that of swimming in the water. We, however, continued incredulous; and took no further notice of the circumstance.

In January, 1838, as I was walking with Mr. P. Rogers, in a forest near the river Pedang Besic, about a mile from the spot where the above was killed, when stepping for a moment to admire an immense tree, covered as with a garment of creepers, I beheld a serpent fly from it, at the height of fifty or sixty feet above the ground, and alight upon another at a distance of forty or fifty fathoms. Its velocity was as rapid as a bird, its motion that of a serpent swimming thro' water. It had no appearance of wings. Its course was that of a direct line, with an inclination of ten or fifteen degrees to the horizon. It appeared to be four feet long. The one killed by the native chief was about the same length, was of slender proportions, dark colored back, light below, and was not characterized by any peculiarity, which would make it remarkable to a stranger.

Thus was I convinced of the existence of flying serpents, and on enquiry, I found some of the natives, accustomed to the forests, aware of the fact. Those acquainted with the serpent called it, "Ular apir," (the fiery serpent) from the burning pain and mortal effect of its bite, so that the fiery flying serpent of the Scriptures was not an imaginary creature, though it appears now extinct in the regions it formerly inhabited.

I have delayed the present notice in hope of obtaining a specimen which I could offer as a more convincing proof than my bare assertion, but further delay may possibly, with some, weaken even this testimony on a point which appears to have been long disputed, and which has not been credited by any of the Dutch gentlemen employed in collecting specimens of the natural history of these points to whom I have mentioned it. I learn from the natives, however, that this is not the only species that flies. There is one called "Ular Tadung," with a red head, and not exceeding two feet long, seen sometimes about cocoa nut trees, whose bite is instantly mortal, and which has the power of flying or rather leaping a distance of twenty fathoms, for it is described as not having the waving motion through the air as the one I saw.—London Missionary Herald.

STRIKING HISTORICAL EVENT.—The destruction of the French armament under the Duke D'Anville, in the year 1746, should be remembered with gratitude and admiration by every inhabitant of America. This fleet, consisting of forty ships of war, was destined for the destruction of New England. It sailed from Chebucto, in Nova Scotia, for this purpose. In the mean time, the pious people, apprised of their danger, had appointed a season of fasting and prayer to be observed in all their Churches. While Mr. Prince

was officiating in Old South Church, Boston, on this fast-day, and praying most fervently that the dreaded calamity might be averted, a sudden gust of wind arose, (the day had till then been perfectly clear and calm,) so violent as to cause a loud clattering of the windows. The reverend pastor paused in his prayer; and looking round upon the congregation with a countenance of hope, he again commenced, and with great devotional ardor, supplicated the Almighty to cause that wind to frustrate the object of their enemies. A tempest ensued, in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked. The Duke D'Anville, the principal General, and the second in command, both committed suicide. Many died with disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave. The small number who remained alive returned to France without health and without spirits; and the enterprise was abandoned, and never again resumed.

With reference to this and other similar instances, the late President Dwight remarks, in a discourse on answer to prayer: "I am bound, as an inhabitant of New England, to declare, that, were there no other instances to be found in any other country, the blessings communicated to this world furnish ample satisfaction concerning this subject, to every sober, much more to every pious man."—Dr. Wisner.

## Delavan House, Albany.

Eminent success seems ever to attend Mr. Delavan in his Cold Water enterprises. His magnificent Hotel, five stories high, and extending 380 feet on Broadway and two other streets, is nearly completed. In the course of building, pipes were extended to all parts of the house, with the expectation that sufficient water might be obtained from the city water works. But, disappointed in this source, Mr. D. resorted to the experiment of boring; and, by a rare hit, at the depth of only twenty-five feet, a stratum of coarse sand was struck, from which gushed up a spring of the purest soft water, affording about 20,000 gallons per day—which, by appropriate apparatus, is distributed through all parts of the establishment.

The location of this House is admirable—being near the steamboat landing, and at the junction of the various railroads. If well sustained by the public, (and who can doubt that it will be?) it may be expected that similar houses will soon be established in all our cities.

FINE SENTIMENT.—"What a charming writer is Bulwer!" says a young lady, "with what tender and beautiful sentiments do his works abound." Very likely, but this gentleman turned his law wife out of doors, because she could not contentedly share her house with his kept mistress. What delightful sensibility does Sterne display in history of Maria, and the captive bird, and yet this gentleman was found fiddling in one room, while his wife was dying in the next.

A false friend is like the shadow on a dial, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.

For the Christian Secretary.

## Howberg's Letter.

April 24, 1845.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I told you in my last letter, as you remember, that those who go in the broad way are not happy. But I know some of them think they are traveling in a pretty good road, and say they are as happy as those who walk in the narrow way. But those who talk so, do not know what a pleasant path this narrow way is. They have never been in it, and they do not believe what others say about it, who have walked in it. You know some people say that the slaves who work hard to raise cotton and rice on the Southern plantations, are contented and happy. Well, I suppose a great many of them are. But it is because they have always been slaves, and do not know what it is to be free, and have all they earn, themselves. If they were to come here, and work for themselves, and get money enough to build good houses to live in, and live as we do, you think they would think it a good thing to be slaves and have a master to drive them about, and make them work hard, and then take all they earned from them, except just enough for them to eat and to wear? "No," I think I hear you say, "I should never be willing to be a little slave, and not have a school to go to, and learn to read the Bible and other good books."

Well, it is just so with those people who are walking in the broad road. They never knew what it was to go in a better one. If they had ever traveled in the narrow way, they would never think of the broad way as a good one, or be willing to go in it again.

Some men were once going across a prairie, which is a large, level tract of land, without any trees upon it, and covered with tall, coarse grass. This was many miles broad, and night overtook the men while they were a great distance from any house, and they were afraid they should have to sleep out of doors; but in a short time they came up to an old hollow in which they thought they might lodge quite comfortably, and they were very much pleased to think they had found a shelter. It was very dark; but they at last found the way into this old shed. But they could not see what kind of a place it was, nor what there was in it. So one of them took out some matches for the purpose of striking a light. The first one he tried, made a very little blaze, and went out. But when it flashed, one of the men saw something, which made him cry out—"strike a light, quick!" They soon had a light, and saw that they were in a place nearly full of poisonous serpents, which were holding up their heads, with their eyes sparkling, and hissing with their forked tongues all around them. These snakes had gone in there to get out of the cold, and they did not like to be disturbed and driven out; the men thought it better to sleep out in the open air, than in such a horrid place as that, and with such disagreeable companions; so they made off as quickly as possible.

Now these men did not know what a dangerous place they were in, before they had a light, and they might have lain down there and thought they were in a very good place. But they would not have been safe, if they had thought they were; and if they had gone to sleep there, it is very likely they would some or all of them have been dead in the morning. Now my young friends I wish to tell you that

all persons who are traveling in the broad road that I have been speaking of, are like those men traveling across that prairie in a dark night. The broad way is a dark way, and the farther people go in it, the darker it is. There is no good house for travelers to put up in, from the beginning to the end of it. There are some places where men stop sometimes, they think they are in a very good place, and have good company; but such places are the most dangerous ones on the whole road. I hope you will believe me, when I tell you that there is not a single spot in all that broad, dark way, where any man, or woman, or child is safe. It is always night in the country through which that road goes, and there are bad beings all the way along, worse than the serpents which the men found in the hollow. This road is full of robbers who are always seeking the happiness and the lives of travelers. There, too, is that most wicked of all beings, who is the enemy of God and every thing good. See what the Bible says of him; "Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." If you wish to get out of his reach, you must go in the narrow way.

I remain your affectionate friend, H.

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